

Fooles. She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.
Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fooles. Look you, heere comes my Masters Page.
Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wife Company.

How dost thou *Apemantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* read me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou wast borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp't a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

Ape. Ene so thou out-runst Grace,

Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Fooles. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home,

You three serue three Vsurers?

All. I would they seru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:

As good a trick as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Fooles. Are you three Vsurers men?

All. I Fooles.

Fooles. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Fooles. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't appears like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Fooles. Nor thou altogether a Wife man,

As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Fooles. I do not alwayes follow Louer, ielder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk encere,

He speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laide my state before me,

That I might so haue rated my expence

As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke, When my indisposition put you backe, And that vnaptnesse made your minister Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts, Laid them before you, you would throw them off, And say you found them in mine honestie,

When for some trifling present you haue bid me Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:

Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did indure

Not fildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,

And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord, Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe, To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone, And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues; the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim, and at length

How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word, Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood, Call me before th'exactest Auditors,

And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me, When all our Offices haue bene oppress'd

With riotous Feederes, when our Vaults haue wept With drunken spilt of Wine; when euery roome

Ha's blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie, I haue retr'y'd me to a wastefull cocke,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens haue I said, the bounty of this Lord: How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants

This night englutted: who is not *Timons*, What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is *L. Timon*:

Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*: Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,

These flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;

Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.

Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke, To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,

If I would broach the vessels of my loue,

And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing, Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse

As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Assurance blisse your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd, That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue

How you mistake my Fortunes:

I am wealthie in my Friends.

Within there, *Flaminius*, *Seruilus*?

Enter

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you seuerally.

You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me

to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let

the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you sit to the Senators;

Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue

Defer'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th' instant

A thousand Talents to me.

Ser. I haue bene bold

(For that I knew it the most generall way)

To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,

But they do shake their heads, and I am heere

No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot

Do what they would, are forrie: you are Honourable,

But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,

Something hath bene amisse; a Noble Nature

May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pittie,

And so intending other serious matters,

After distastefull looks; and these hard Fractions

With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,

They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerefully. These old Fellowes

Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it fildome flowes,

'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;

And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and beauey.

Go to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,

No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately

Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd

Into a great estate: When he was poore,

Imprison'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,

I cleer'd him with fife Talents: Greet him from me,

Bid him suppose, some good necessity

Touche his Friend, which craves to be remembred

With those fife Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes

To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,

That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;

Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Exeunt

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a seruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guist I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre

to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are verie respectfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how

does that Honourable, Complete, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very boutifull good Lord and Master?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who, hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep to good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, euery man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I haue noted thee alwayes wise.

Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendship without securitie. Heere's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we aliuie that liued? Fly damned basenesse To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exit L.

Flam. May these adde to the number y may scald thee: Let moulted Coine be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe: Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart, It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods! I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor, Has my Lords meate in him:

Why should it thrine, and turne to Nutriment, When he is turn'd to poyson?

O may Diseases onely worke vpon't: And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not belecue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But belecue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extremly for't, and shewed what